

2Pac Lyrics

"Fuckin Wit The Wrong Nigga"

Niggas fuckin' with the wrong nigga

My seductive introduction be specific
Still elusive, but exclusive's what I give you when I kick it
And I'm still lifted; niggas can't get with Mr. Wicked
Picture me flippin' my adversaries, gettin' the dick swiftly
Niggas is swingin' wild, but they styles miss me
You can bring that bitch, but your whole click will still get treated shitty
Business never personal
I'm up before the sun come up, I'm tired
Just a ghetto star, a drop top double-R is what I'm ridin'
Nigga, if you was half the man your bitch was
Bring yo' artillery when you come for me, 'cause we sick thugs
No hesitation when I pull and blast, 'cause Syke was bustin'
Plus, Bo had 'em duckin', screamin', "Get them cash!"
So now I got the law on me
My phone's tapped So I had to send word through my lil' homies
Tell them niggas this the year when they pull the trigger
Shit, this is what you get, for fuckin' with the wrong nigga

This is what you get
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Hehehehe, yeah, nigga, peep it

Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray and thank the Lord
For givin' me another fruitful day
I wanna be a peaceful, man, but still when niggas come for me
All I can see is gettin' 'em killed
For real, it's how I feel
Reflect my thoughts, flowin' on these reels
Make my enemies deal with my steel; they caps peeled
We still cool, but you played yourself
Give him the MAC and make him spray hisself, hey
Fallin' legends clutchin' chrome three-five-seven
Puttin' two bullets to they dome, wanted to die in Heaven
Why call in shots? Nobody really as clear as me
Ain't tryin' to help the feds get a case for conspiracy
Murder, my foes get disposed of
We all homies to the death, so my true niggas show me love
God, forgive me for my lifestyle, a negative figure
But why they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
You know?

It's like, why you fuckin' with the wrong nigga?

I was raised by thugs, schooled by killers
Learned my mathematics skills from real drug dealers
Tried to rise, but they tried me
I guess they all had to die, 'cause we tried peace
I die in these streets

Blast 'til they recognize
Still do or die, all my niggas gettin' high, watchin' time fly
 Best strategize on the way to profit
 Best organize how you ride, so they can't stop it
Then keep it poppin', lot of busters wanna see me fall
I fucked your bitch, and now this new shit, gon', fade 'em all
 My niggas ball, made a call for some back-up
 For lil' homies and my dogs in the black truck
 "Buck buck" was the sound as they gats burst
No need for ambulance, baby, bring the black hearse
 Should've never fucked around, buster
How you figure makin' moves on the wrong nigga

It's what it sounds like, ding ding ding.
When you fuckin' with the wrong nigga
Niggas gettin' hit, when they fuckin' with the wrong nigga
 Fuckin' with the wrong nigga

Thanks to Deadeye11w, jdrzblazza1 for correcting these lyrics.

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